

Lloyd George, Churchill, and the Russian Revolution



British units on parade in Kharkov before leaving for the Southern Front, 1919

CHARD H. ULLMAN:
Britain and the Russian Civil War, November 1918-February 1920, 15 pp. Princeton University Press. London: Oxford University Press. £3 3s.

WHEN Mr. Ullman's first volume on the British involvement in revolutionary Russia, *Intervention and the War*, was reviewed in the *TLS* on May 4, 1962, it was natural to lament that, while the author's access to personal papers of participants and other unpublished material, the official records were still closed to him. No complaint can be made about the second volume, *Britain and the Russian Civil War*, which carries on the ill-fated story from the armistice of November 1918 to February 1920, when intervention was virtually ended. The author has now been able to make full use, not only of a further release of memoirs and private papers, but of the official records and of the Foreign Office and War Office files in the Public Record Office. It is unlikely that any further large body of documents will remain undisclosed in this country.

It is in a sense, however, true that the more information we have, the more difficult does it become to explain what happened. It might have been assumed that there would, somewhere in the archives, be some record of a decision by which the intervention in Russia, sensibly undertaken as a part of the German war to counter threatened German encroachment, was transformed into an operation designed to bring about the overthrow of the Bolsheviks. It is clear that no such decision was ever taken. The operation continued under its own momentum: in mid-winter, 1918, it could have been impossible to withdraw the troops from the Archangel front where they were engaged. Only the reasons,

or pretexts, for the operation were gradually, and almost inevitably, modified; and the ease of the change-over throws some retrospective doubts on the sincerity of the reasons given for the original intervention in 1918. One has the impression that hostility to the Bolsheviks, explicable both by their revolutionary policies and by their abandonment of the Allied cause, had been the most powerful motive force behind it from the start, and that there was in fact little to change in mood or motive after the November armistice.

When the delegations assembled in Paris in January, 1919, for Peace Conference, the magnitude of the Russian dilemma quickly became apparent. The Prinkipo proposals revealed the depth of the fear and animosity which the Bolsheviks inspired in French, and much less widely in British, official circles, and how easily popular indignation, raised to fever-pitch by the experiences of the war, could be transferred to this new target. Lloyd George and Woodrow Wilson continued, at least as late as March (the month of the Bullitt mission), to want negotiations with the Bolsheviks. But any such proposal, once it came into the open, seemed doomed to be shot down by the mass of opinion in the delegations and the greater mass of public opinion at home.

Equipped with his Ullman is able to see of the changing a

ON OTHER PAGES

- 17 Where did Ruskin Sleep?
- 18 Little Magazines in Germany
- 20 Book Totals in 1968
- 13 Queen Victoria's Letters
- 3 George Kennan on the St.
- 7 Poetry of W. D. Snodgrass
- 8 African Writing
- 11 History of Australia
- 19 Commentary
- 24 Classified Index of Books

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METHUEN

other of the statesmen in Paris. But he knew and cared little about foreign affairs, except in so far as they impinged on the domestic political scene. His power was limited—his personal authority was probably never so great or so uncontested as Churchill's towards the end of the Second World War; and, when he had to compromise, he would always yield a point of foreign policy in order to secure what he judged essential on the home front. Hence his influence on policy towards Russia was spasmodic, and he sometimes accepted or sponsored decisions in which he did not believe. This made his attitude, as Mr. Ullmann says at one point, seem "less than straightforward".

Churchill remained wholly committed to the traditional past. Alone among the British delegates, he would have liked to see the old Russian Empire reconstituted, and had little or no sympathy for the breakaway aspirations of the national minorities. He listened with a sympathy and patience felt by few to the numerous groups of Russian émigrés thronging the Allied capitals; he even fell for the ex-Social Revolutionary terrorist, Savinkov, Cirazon, who was not in Paris but reigned *pro terea* in the Foreign Office in London, was fundamentally more at odds with Churchill than with Lloyd George. He detested and distrusted all Russians, Red or White, and had no use for Churchillian schemes of campaigns in Europe. But he wanted a screen of British troops in Transcaucasia or central Asia as a safeguard against Russian incursions into the British imperial preserves of Persia and Afghanistan. But he remained aloof, and used his wit, his charm, and his outstanding intelligence to pick holes impartially both in the arguments in favour of action and in the arguments against it, so that his ideal goal was usually to reach no conclusion at all.

History seen, thanks to the documents, through the eyes of these and of a number of minor figures, tends to become personalized in a way we had begun to think of as old-fashioned. We are tempted, almost invited, to think of decisions taken in Paris about Russia as the product of a personal duel between Lloyd George and Churchill; and this impression may well be enhanced when we are allowed to see the still unpublished correspondence between the two statesmen. These documents, at any rate, produced these consequences, they pose the factors



Lenin speaking in Red Square on the first anniversary of the Russian Revolution.

reaching the official's desk, and could at best be regarded as first impressions, not as considered pronouncements. Foreign Office officials were especially prolific in the output of such "minutes", whether because they were more articulate than members of other departments, or because the elaborate Foreign Office filing system provided for every paper received a separate "jacket", which offered ample space, and set the tradition, for copious "minutes".

Mr. Ullmann quotes many of these F.O. minutes, often by quite junior officials. But, by way of War Office documents corresponding minutes, and there were, and to write minutes of the nature of the official's desk, and could at best be regarded as first impressions, not as considered pronouncements. Foreign Office officials were especially prolific in the output of such "minutes", whether because they were more articulate than members of other departments, or because the elaborate Foreign Office filing system provided for every paper received a separate "jacket", which offered ample space, and set the tradition, for copious "minutes".

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Hardinge. But an ex-Viceroy of India and protégé of Edward VII was hardly the right person to engage in the rough-and-tumble of policy-making under a dynamic Prime Minister. Hardinge linked altogether the adaptability, the technical competence, the patience and the devilish which Hunkley so abundantly displayed; and, for anything that he did, he might just as well not have come to Paris. The other leading members of the Foreign Office delegation frankly distrusted and despised Lloyd George, and he despised or ignored them. In matters in which specialist knowledge was required, and in which Lloyd George took no personal interest—and this covered most of the territorial settlements all over Europe—the Foreign Office delegation played an active and effective part. But, when major decisions of the Russian question, it was seldom convulsed and not always even informed. Foreign Office correspondence of July, 1919, shows that in that month there was no record of the Bullitt mission of March, 1919, in the F.O. files, either in Paris or in London. In the near future, more and more research workers will decipher more and more minutes of official files. The circumstances in which they were written and the authority behind them should be carefully weighed. All documents are important for the historian; but not all documents are equal.

Britain and the Russian Civil War, naturally challenges comparison with Professor Arno J. Mayer's *Politics and Diplomacy of Peace-making*, which was published last year

land reviewed in the TLS on June 13. Indeed it appears to confirm the view of there of the overwhelming importance of the Russian question in the deliberations of the Paris conference. Rather oddly, Mr. Ullmann takes issue with this view and finds it "completely misleading". Since the problem of French security against Germany was, he says, "at least as important as the Russian and Bolshevik question".

It may be suggested that the two are writing at different levels which do not clash. In the day-to-day work of the conference the two questions were indeed different items of the agenda. Ullmann can tell his story with barely a glance to the Franco-German problem. For security was an issue in its own right, after the Fontainebleau memorandum. March it became increasingly difficult to Russia and Bolshevikism out of the peace words may have been spoken and about it than about any other item. But French security is less concerned to what happened between the delegates than in analyse the pressures, including pressures of domestic politics, which mined their attitudes; and Mr. Ullmann's account complements and reinforces, and fairly does not contradict, this analysis.

The Russian question divided the French delegation in its attitude to security against Germany. These were, like Churchill, would have liked to rebuild the old Russia as a bulwark against those who pinned their hopes on a cordon sanitaire of smaller states grouped around Poland and the Little Entente. The TLS a year ago Mr. Kennan was drawn between Germany and Russia, the whole, the first solution seemed to be an *entente à l'ancienne*; and Mr. Ullmann, the second more practicable. Mr. George Hunkley, in his recent Grand-British and the Americans were, for design, thought less in terms of building up institutions of his native country, and more in terms of balance of powers in Europe as a barrier against Bolshevikism. Germany required, though an admitted relaxation in the penal conditions imposed by the victorious Powers, did not spend largely in countries which had a tradition of revolting students. Mr. Kennan is not to be taken in by one of the easier excuses for student disorder or for the possibly excessive tolerance of the authorities of universities, including Princeton, by the student explosion which has shaken nearly all academic institutions of the United States. But the drawbacks to Mr. Ullmann's "above the battle" attitude are much more serious than the advantages.

It has become a commonplace to say the peace settlement of 1919 settled and sowed the seeds of all the conflicts of the Allied policies in Europe for the war period. This is notoriously true in Germany. Allied support of the Whites against the Bolsheviks in the Civil War, also set a pattern which proved extraordinarily difficult to break. As has recently been marked, the Cold War began the moment hot war stopped, and has gone on, with interruptions and relaxations, ever since. The device of playing on western fears of Bolshevism, skillfully exploited by Hitler in the 1930s, was already being used by the German dictators in 1919; indeed, the British may also have invented it. As late as 1939, the British Foreign Office was still worried by the dilemma which had confronted the First World War, the border states of Poland and Rumania as the counterweight to a many, and once again fear of Bolshevism was up in. It is with astonishment Mr. Ullmann's book, though limited to the narrow field of British diplomacy in 1919, a valuable contribution to many larger themes.

It is not that the discourse of an eminent scholar at the opening of a new library, even at a distinguished Quaker college, makes the front page or causes so much controversy as did Mr. Kennan's speech at Swarthmore. No doubt this is partly because it was reprinted in the Sunday magazine of the *New York Times*. But that again raises the question why it was reprinted and why it excited so much controversy, a controversy which still goes on.

There is one explanation which is said so far as it goes. Mr. Kennan addressed one of the sacred cows of American life almost as sacred as motherhood: he attacked the young, he especially attacked the revolting students. But there was more in the reaction to Mr. Kennan's address, or not, he explained in his very discourse why the young are so alienated, even in a normally conformist and conservative institution like Princeton, and why, to many persons, this seemed that Mr. Kennan was entirely cut off from the problem which he professed to be discussing. That was cut off is made evident not only in the text of the original address but also in the letters he received, and the reply he made to them, now printed together in *Democracy and the Student Left*.

Of course this is not a new story. In 1928 a year ago Mr. Kennan was given a copy of his *Memoirs*, the whole, the first solution seemed to be an *entente à l'ancienne*; and Mr. Ullmann, the second more practicable. Mr. George Hunkley, in his recent Grand-British and the Americans were, for design, thought less in terms of building up institutions of his native country, and more in terms of balance of powers in Europe as a barrier against Bolshevikism. Germany required, though an admitted relaxation in the penal conditions imposed by the victorious Powers, did not spend largely in countries which had a tradition of revolting students. Mr. Kennan is not to be taken in by one of the easier excuses for student disorder or for the possibly excessive tolerance of the authorities of universities, including Princeton, by the student explosion which has shaken nearly all academic institutions of the United States. But the drawbacks to Mr. Ullmann's "above the battle" attitude are much more serious than the advantages.

First of all, this lecture gives very the impression of a really deep and knowledge of the American scene. Secondly, although Mr. Kennan is one of the most distinguished American historians of the United States, he is not even, although he is written admirable memoirs, a good witness to the America he grew up in. It is with astonishment that an American historian would read the introduction, in the first of which Mr. Kennan quotes Woodrow Wilson's speech at the College of New Jersey which was just becoming Princeton University. Wilson's very eloquent address was an appeal in "a pattern laid up in heaven". It was not, and could not be, a description of the Princeton which he hoped a different destiny, and no one knew better than Wilson, deeply than he as President of Princeton, how far Princeton and indeed most of the Ivy League colleges were from the ideal pattern he set up. It is Wilson's failure to break down some of the social barriers of Princeton, however much his failure was his fault, involved a great deal of Mr. Kennan's nostalgia for the Princeton of his own undergraduate days. After all, it is not only that his *Memoirs* with any great enthusiasm, but we have accounts of them from one of the most important Princeton graduates of that time, Francis Scott Key Fitzgerald. It is difficult to understand the exaggerated horror with which Mr. Kennan contemplates the costume of undergraduates today when one remembers the conns in coats, the feathered hats, the whole college apparatus of what has rightly been called "the era of beautiful nonsense". Are undergraduates today, however they dress, less serious than the generation in which one could



GEORGE F. KENNAN AND THE REVOLTING STUDENTS

GEORGE KENNAN: *Democracy and the Student Left*. 239pp. Hutchinson. 30s. (Paperback 12s. 6d.)

Princeton was the question: had its team used signal rings as knuckle-dusters in a match against Harvard?

The 1920s were one of the drabest periods in American university life. The hopes of Wilson had been largely thwarted, and the "idioty" in the Greek sense, of the student bodies in very great American universities shocked British visitors, senior and junior. Does Mr. Kennan really want to go back to the torpidity or worse of the 1920s? Mr. Kennan professes to be surprised that the students of today are angered by many social problems that their parents or grandparents ignored. He asks a question which is an odd one coming from so great a scholar: why is this so? After all, he says, Pushkin did not worry about the state of the Russian peasantry, but Kropotkin did, although the condition of the peasantry had greatly improved. One might also mention Tolstoy as well as Kropotkin, or Alexander II as compared with Nicholas I. That criticism of the social order comes not when it is at its worst period, but when it is at its best, as Wordsworth called "effort and expectation and desire" is muzzling.

There is a way in which Mr. Kennan's sermon is of very great value. Couriers of Louis XIV who went to call on the King of England, James VII and II, at Saint-Germain, needed an explanation of why he was in exile once they had heard him explain why he was in exile. If Mr. Kennan were representative of the American Academy, which he is not, no explanation of the student revolt would be needed. Mr. Kennan does not like the modern world, and in the modern world he likes least of all, so it almost appears, his own native country. If the Wasps (and Mr. Kennan is ostentatiously a Wasp) have nothing better to offer to the students of the American Academy, then the mandate of heaven has passed from them. Fortunately, Mr. Kennan is not representative; but that so great a scholar should speak in this way and write in this way is tragic. It is, however, more his tragedy than America's, for it is not absurd to say that there really is more future and more hope in the world represented by the not very attractive Mr. Ruld of the Columbia rebels, than in this permanent exile who candidly asserts his belief that enlightened despotism is the best form of government. The Iron of years of Moscow has eaten into Mr. Kennan's soul, but most Americans have not undergone that ordeal.

Mr. Kennan rightly asserts that in some ways he is as revolutionary as the most revolutionary of the students. But he is really a counter-revolutionary, not in the strictest sense, a reactionary. His ideal of the small country college and the rural life of the farmer surrounded by "his old contemporary trees", is archaic, utopian, and basically unattractive. Even if we ignore the addition of many of the female inhabitants of the New England

not be attainable today. After all, one of the most dramatic revolts took place in that admirable, not very small, but certainly rural college: Colgate University in up-State New York.

Of course, Mr. Kennan has some sensible things to say. It is insulting to the American Negro to assume that he has no responsibilities at all for his present situation, and that everything must be done for him, and nothing by him. But this hardly solves the neighbours of Newark and New Brunswick from their duties. With that astonishing absence of sympathy and empathy which Mr. Kennan displays all through his lecture and through his summing-up, he tells us that the Northern states did not ask the Negroes to come from the South and create problems for these states. The Negroes might well retort that the Negro did not ask to be brought to the United States by the ancestors of the makers of the student states.

Even in the bitterly contested field of an academic's duties at the present moment, Mr. Kennan is callously numb to the moral issues raised. He points out that people on a campus need not look at the recruiters for Dow Chemical. The inhabitants of Washington in 1850 did not need to see the slave markets, they did not need to buy or sell slaves; but even in that remote time it was thought that the capital of the United States should not be a slave market in a nation dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Nor does Mr. Kennan ever seem to have considered an objection to Pentagon contracts, an objection expressed in Britain as well as in the United States: that the imposition of secrecy is incompatible with the moral character of what used to be called the republic of letters.

It would be easy to give more examples of the astonishing chilliness with which Mr. Kennan regards not only the problems of the young but also the problems of other people at Princeton and elsewhere who have specific moral and educational duties towards the young. How is one to characterize, for example, the argument that students should not resent the draft for the army in Vietnam because, thanks to the development of medicine, their chances of life are better than they would have been forty years ago without serving in any army? More people may have been killed by the influenza epidemic in 1918 than were killed in war in that year, but war presented moral problems that the epidemic did not.

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Raphael, that the tapestry cartoons in London number nine not seven, and include cartoons for the "Stoning of St. Stephen" and the "Conversion of St. Paul." A brief visit to the room in which these works are shown, or failing that a glance at any standard book on Raphael, would have shown that the two supplementary cartoons were a figment of the imagination. The next entry is even more mysterious: it reads, "Cartoon for the Massacre of the Innocents (on loan from the Spedale degli Innocenti)." The *tema* Spedale degli Innocenti was used in the 1936 lists as a convenient equivalent for Fountains Hospital, and the cartoon has not been shown in the museum to which it is assigned for almost thirty years. Why is the year 1511 recorded as the date of the "Parnassus," in the Stanza della Segnatura when no reference is made to the same date on the prothirae of

the window beneath the "Justice
Innetto opposite? Why, for that
matter, do the new lists include so
many ill-founded approxima-
dates? Certainly Benson would
not have approved of entries
like two in the list for Pacci-
otto, where we find in close
proximity a "Madonna" at Or-
tignano with the gloss "replica at
Oxford?" and a "Madonna" at
Oxford with the gloss "replica at
Ortignano?" He would have seen
as Dr. Vertova does not, that the
painting at Ortignano is a modern
copy of the original at Oxford.

inspired? Again, until 1930 Berenson hesitated to entertain the possibility that the portrait was by Titian. In 1930, he changed to the original by Raphael. In 1948, however, it is qualified with the words, "Other replicas known to the original in Santa Maria del Popolo at Rome, lost". Did Berenson change his mind on this or was he changed by Dr. Verovtka?

Obviously no systematic check so long and complex a book is feasible. But spot checking does suggest that in spite of Dr. Verovtka's diligence and pertinacity there is a vein of muddle running through the facts. That there should be locust mistakes is unavoidable, and no one will blame her for supposing that the Perugini altarpiece at Singalunga is the Palazzo Commune, where it is really in Santa Maria delle Grazie, or for listing the monophthongs from Konopnik under Konopnik and not Prague. It is more unfortunate to learn, in the last

It is with the third aspect that the doubt begins. The question that is repeatedly presents itself is a simple one: What is the status of the attributions in these lists? The lists of 1932 and 1936 had the merit that each attribution, right or wrong, represented a view entertained by Berenson at the time that it was made. The new Venetian lists of 1957 were substantially revised by him (two very interesting the revisions were) and even the new Florentine lists of 1963 were, as one says of paintings in part autograph. With the new book, however, there is no such certainty. To sections of the material Berenson undoubtedly gave some fresh thought in the twenty-two years that elapsed between the last-

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PICTORIAL POSTMORTEM

Hughes is surely stretching his legs in the the of Et in Arcadia Ego into his theme. The inspiration of his work is closer to the Stoic philosophy which dominated Pousin's later years of ill-health than horticulture.

The subject of Hell clearly rouses Mr. Hughes. He describes some length the well-known literary sources of the imagery of Hell and its inhabitants: Persian mythology, Old and New Testaments, Virgil, *the Vision of Tundale*, Dante, &c. But the old favourites appear no more: sculpture from the facades of certain French Italian churches, and famous works by Giotto, Francesco Traini, Taddeo Bartolo, Fra Angelico, Signorelli, Botticelli, Bosch, Bruegel, and other followers, Callot, Goya and Blake. This is less interesting and original than his chapters on Heaven, and other picture books have already introduced the non-specialist to most of his illustrations. And some of the illustrations, such as the one from Schedel's *Nuremberg Chronicle* are peripheral to his main argument. Others which illustrate changes in pictorial treatment of Hell are interpreted. Thus he traces the transformation of the mouth of Hell into a structure which is half beast, half building in Bruegel, to an architectural ruin with a beast's mouth and Herri met de Bles, to end up with a park kiosk in Paulin. An interesting

For whom is this book intended? In spite of occasional untranslatable quotations in Italian, and references to sources of interest to iconographers, the book can scarcely be made for scholars. There is neither bibliography nor index, the footnotes are inadequate, sizes of works of art are not given, the quality of most of the colour plates is poor, and the location of certain works of art is inaccurate [Bruegel's *Dulle Griet* is the Mayer van den Bergh Museum, Antwerp, not the Antwerp Museum].

It could be assumed from the listing of the text with contemporary references to Vietnam, Mick Jagger, Hippies, Disneyland, Norman Rockwell, etc., that the book is intended for the general reader. Mr. McHugh wanted to write a history for the nunneries, but he could have done much to imitate in the admirably simple style of such academics as Gombrich, the Witkowers, and Haskell, who would be accurate and entertaining without resorting to jokiness. If he wanted to improve on them, then he had to leave the rich and almost completely unexplored field of economic, social, and social history to which changes in stylistic presentation have taken place. What Mr. Hughes has produced is highly entertaining but disappointing for art journalism; and too glibly

638

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LENIN
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The first complete edition of Lenin's writings to appear in English has now reached volume 40 containing his *Notebooks on the Agrarian Question* compiled between 1900 and 1916. These formed the preparatory material for his major works on the development of capitalist agriculture in Russia, Western Europe and the USA, and for his formulation of policies for the revolutionary movement in the countryside and the alliance of workers and peasants. Of special interest is the tremendous amount of statistical and factual data he gathered and analysed in order to reach his conclusions.

It is as the second of the two books that this edition is important—as a demonstration of the principles of modern textual criticism. Under this description it is worthy of the highest praise: in every possible way a model that must be carefully studied by editors of nineteenth-century fiction, even if it is not always to be copied.

The Marble Faun has close associations with England. It was largely written here, at Redcar and later at Leamington; it was first published—under the title *Transformation*—by a London publisher: Smith, Elder; and after the manuscript was presented by Hawthorne to an English admirer it found its way by presentation into the British Museum. The present edition is, however, emphatically American, to even the score.

The textual principles behind the "Centenary Edition" have been rigorously applied, in this instance. The text follows exactly the manu-

The text can be easily described, but it was not easily arrived at. It is evidence of lahorious, but not imaginative, industry almost one's consciousness of the effort itself. The textual introduction alone is nearly a hundred pages long, ever clear and never prolix; and the textual notes, listed under the headings, fill more than another hundred. And other editorial matter still remains, should this volume tire some. The editors appear to be thoughtful of everything and faced with such intelligent care it would be insolence to offer to pick out a detail or two with them out of determination to disagree. They should be congratulated warmly for being left kindly to stand or fall by their principles, they have chosen to adopt.

Julian Hawthorne's filial warmth on his father and his family as friends, have stood for a long time. They give that sense of intimacy that never comes from later scholarly knowledge, however detailed and imaginative. The books are well enough known, but these pleasant reprints will make them more generally available. Any one who has read Hawthorne

Psychology and Sociology

CONVERGERS AND DIVERGERS

LIAM HUDSON: *Frames of Mind*. 134pp. Methuen. 25s.

Professor Hudson is a rarity in the divided world of psychological research. He avoids the narrow tracks beaten by neo-behaviourist and psychoanalysts; and while suitably entertaining spirits sometimes fail to please either faction, only the most rigid specialist will want to find fault here. The ordinary alert reader (and any psychologist who has retained human) will be grateful for a stimulating study that combines research techniques with psychodynamic insights; all this, and lucidity and wit too.

Frames of Mind extends and refines the findings of *Countril Investigations*, in which the author identified in studies of schoolboys the typically "convergent" and "divergent" psychology of the science and the arts specialist: the one interested in reliability, clarity, questions having an unambiguous answer, the other in variety, ambiguity, open-ended questions. That stimulating study suffered only from the inevitable disadvantages of "either-or" classifications, which tend to dull readers, simplify facts, and run away with their authors against their best intentions. Here (disarming such criticism with a frank discussion of limitations) he has further explored the converger-diverger distinction in a series of ingenious linked studies, using groups of public and grammar school pupils—admittedly unrepresentative of the total school population. Again dividing them into convergers and divergers by the balance

of their scores on tests of conventional intelligence and of imagination, he then used a variety of questionnaires in a variety of ways to assess the two groups' attitudes to authority, family, school, curriculum, and their own self-perceptions and choice of studies. Though the influence of sex and school setting is suggested rather than explored, on the whole the converger-diverger polarity held good and was consistently associated with the idea and choice of masculinity, control, authority at one end of the scale, and femininity, pleasure, emotion at the other end. This is valuable in considering the background to sixth-formers' university and career choices; but do the young converger-scientists and diverger-artists really fit their stereotypes, or learn to fit them? Another series of experiments suggests an answer. This time the guinea-pigs were asked to fill in questionnaires, first as Higgins, the dedicated computer engineer, and then as McMeie, the well-known Bohemian artist. Convergers and divergers alike went in town on McMeie; a few excerpts are quoted but most were unprintable. The individual's finery and style of behaviour, the author suggests, are not fixed, but regulated by context and choice.

But with the choosing comes stereotyping. In choosing a career and a style of life, the individual is not solely concerned with acquiring certain skills at the expense

of others in picking up one slice of curriculum and ignoring the rest. Rather, he is involved in a choice among selves that already exist inside him. . . . My interest lies in the individual's capacity for choice: his freedom to select one aspect of a myth rather than another in establishing his personal identity and in the relation of these choices to the abilities and temperamental qualities he shows.

This is a fine and resonant statement; one is reminded of William James' "two mutually exclusive trains of future fact, both sweet and good and with no strictly objective or imperative principle of choice between them: one shall forevermore become impossible, while the other shall become reality".

It would be absurd to claim that the handful of studies reported here rise to these implications, but they are a starting point for further exploring—in particular, now that the extremes have been described, of the complexities and exceptions and of the middle-of-the-road men who keep a balance between convergent and divergent thinking. And the book is perhaps more valuable for its view of the possibilities and limitations of such research on human personality than for any particular piece of fact-finding. It gives one hope that the scholarly disciplines of the social sciences are capable of producing books about people, for people. Let us look forward to education that can produce fewer simple convergers and divergers and more writers like Professor Hudson.

GERMANY ON THE COUCH

ALEXANDER and MARGARETE MITSCHELICH: *Die Unfähigkeit zu trauern*. 372pp. Munich: Piper. DM 24.

Since Freud wrote *Das Unbehagen in der Kultur*, psychoanalysts have tried hard to examine and explain social troubles as though they were expressions of individual psychopathology. The results have not been among the happier extensions of psychoanalytic thought. Unfulfilled predictions and widely divergent interpretations of the same phenomena strew the field; they justify Freud's caution in regard to practical inferences:

If the evolution of civilization has such a far-reaching similarity with the development of an individual, and if the same methods are employed in both, would not the diagnosis be justified that many systems of civilization have become neurotic under the pressure of civilizing trends? To analytic dissection of these neuroses therapeutic recommendations might follow which could claim a practical interest. I would not say that such an attempt to apply psychoanalysis to civilized society would be fanciful or doomed to fruitlessness.

Alexander and Margarete Mitscherlich are not so tentative in *Die Unfähigkeit zu trauern*. They are profoundly troubled by the evident connexion between the psycho-social fixity of attitude and conduct in contemporary Germany and its

intensive capacity for shutting out the unwelcome facts of the Third Reich. They believe dependently that their efforts to clarify the origins and survival of the misanthropy characteristic of Hitler's Germany will bear little fruit because there is today a powerful resistance to psychological explanation. They expect to be attacked, especially on the score of their method; but the psychoanalytic method, they insist, is essential for understanding the emotional forces of guilt and hate which had free play during the Nazi regime and are still at work.

Their indictment is onerous, and (as they recognize) such denunciation now has a close affinity, psychologically, to the boundless self-reproach of the melancholic. They hope that the new generation, less burdened with guilt, will be able to look at aspects of national life bit-by-bit, and see the whole picture clear:

We have to do with a colossal load of guilt which resists any such enlightenment; but the search for truth about the past is the first step towards getting rid of the repetition-compulsion, which has made history for us in a terrible fashion; for the sake of our descendants

we must prevent it from perpetuating guilt as destiny; in the Greek sense.

Professor and Mrs. Mitscherlich are acutely alive to the novelty of many of the problems that today confront us all. They hold that the only chance of making headway against overwhelming and unprecedented threats is by an educational revolution, which should cultivate independence and combat prejudices nascent as moral precepts.

It is characteristic of the pitfalls in this sort of inquiry that the authors, broadcasting just ahead of the Com-Bendit era, entered upon a detailed explanation (here published in amended form) of the psychological reasons why the younger generation in West Germany is uninterested in politics. Their alleged apathy in this respect is attributed to their inability to identify themselves with an ideal father-figure, so that there has ensued a general indifference towards ideals and a concern only for material values.

Brain-washing is a chinoise among the many topics on which Professor Mitscherlich is psychoanalytically illuminating. It is held to be a process of compulsory regression. The victim sees himself as delivered over to a power immensely superior to him physically and conforming to no evident code of justice or conduct: this is a situation "which exactly corresponds to that of a young child", and evokes memories of that early phase of development. The helpless prisoner is fettered so that he is dependent on others for fulfilling the most primitive needs, and he is insistently urged by some of his fellow-prisoners to give up his bourgeois ideas: "He is thus thrown back into what is almost exactly a family situation, with parents and elder brother and sisters." The introjected social commands then exert a disrupting "thawing" effect on his old social ego, while the new super-ego impositions "freeze" into place. It may all be true, but it calls up a dire picture of family life.

Whether its psychoanalytic interpretations are valid or not, this is an alarming book. The authors are sincere, experienced psychiatrists who know their fellow-Germans well. They detect in their minds many lively reflexes of the Third Reich, and few convincing processes of behaviour

PERSUADERS

DICK STEPHEN: *The Mad Old Ads*. 127pp. W. H. Allen. 30s.
D. S. COWAN and R. W. JONES: *Advertising in the 21st Century*. 111pp. Hutchinson. 30s.ALEXANDER WILSON: *Advertising and the Community*. 231pp. Macmillan. University Press. £2 2s.

The national involvement with marketing as an essential ingredient of our future economic success has been mounting. It has now reached the point where, in 1969, we are being launched into Marketing Year. Managers in the so-called private sector will be subjected to flood of exhortation, encouragement and tuition opportunities. These are all aimed at convincing them, small and large alike, that the consumer and the market land not their production processes must be the starting point in their planning cycles.

Yet the present Labour Government gives the impression of seeing little contradiction in actively promoting marketing and the marketing concept, while maintaining an implacable opposition to one of its major elements—advertising. On the other hand, business leaders are committed to heavy advertising and marketing research budgets while remaining reluctant about committing themselves to marketing as such with all its implications for planning and organization.

The three books under review can provide a very reasonable diet for any interested participant in marketing who wishes to see this essential feature in its different contexts. *The Mad Old Ads* would probably be called by some, bad old ads. It is an inspired, facsimile collection of classified and display advertisements of a less inhibited generation, at least commercially. It should also induce satisfaction and nostalgia in the advertising man who can relish the freedom of his predecessors, but frustration in the opponents of advertising when they see the targets of being born too late.

One greivable example is the statement by the widow Jobbins on her late husband's gravestone, advertising his long-established Tripe and Trutter business with the footnote "Reader please and note the Address". More sophisticated addicts may prefer Ferrie Odyline Insolates, which, apart from curing rheumatic pains, chronic coughs, hardened spleen, asthma, consumption, neuragic pains and insomnia, strike a more modern note:

When business cares o'er-tax the brain, and leave the body lean and lean, Would you your nervous force regain, Then wear the Ferrie Odyline.

PACKAGERS

ROBERT E. MUELLER: *The Science of Art. The Cybernetics of Communication*. 352pp. Rapp and Whiting. £2 15s.

Mr. Mueller releases at high pressure, and not always comprehensibly, a terrific flow of words. Some derive from "kybernetikos", others from Latin (but what is a media?) and more still from the many authors he has read and whom he cites continually. Wherever the words come from they crash on, as relentlessly as Niagara, to power a turbine generating ceaseless statements. These demand, but do not get, careful examination both for what they contain and for what they imply.

Consider this example: "Man, immersed in a reality that is impressive and immediate, is the initial situation for art-generation." This would seem to be comparing him to a rolling hippopotamus in a muddy tropical pond; but no, if one looks more closely, he is not even a living being but a mere "situation".

Again: "What is actually communicated in art is a sensual and creative enlargement of our perception of human existence, morally and intellectually, both emotional and otherwise." Not fun, or delight, or understanding.

And yet again: "The poem becomes one of the most efficient encoding packages possessed by man. Consider the density of ideas in a

worthy prize-winning essay must represent the views of advertising people regarding the future of the advertising agency." The practical viewpoint, then, is not always as deeply rooted in the as they would have been in a philosophical treatise. The suggestion of a model of advertising agency operation . . . could have avoided a model has other connotations today. Also not all will be as we are coming to a general acceptance that Awareness is a Comprehension and on to Creation and Action.

What is very welcome though, book which talks about the future of the agency business, on an assumption that it will survive. Whether this will turn out to be a direct forecast remains to be seen, but the book is an excellent statement of position and possibilities for the bold, men of advertising and senior managers of businesses with relationships with agencies must find their own organizational plans.

Advertising and the Community a serious book about the present authors range from Francis Baker, M.P., Kenneth Simmonds, the Manchester Business School, W. McMillan of the *Guardian* to Elizabeth Ackroyd of Consumer Council. The article is grouped in sections: "Why Advertising?", "Advertising and Public Interest", "Forms of Control", "The Consumer Interest". A period giving a fair and balanced view of views and reasoning, the book is also very informative. The statistics of conduct with the western world seem to have been brought up to date, even if this involved estimating, but this minor defect does not detract from one of the best books on advertising that has yet appeared. Few would disagree with the editor, Alexander Wilson, in the final essay he says:

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It properly, and many pages to state all of its references. It is in fact, to be read for any such purpose as enjoyment.

Obviously people must be prepared to work very hard and consciously to know about art and literature and "The Dance", which longer means the exhilarating, the precision of reel or hornpipe, even *Schubert's*, or the elegant stylized forms of traditional ballet, but "ritualistic psychology" movements. Invented by choreographers, vast wastes of twirling boredom little enlivened by interludes of pornographic P.T. in American callisthenics.

Mr. Mueller frequently refers to a "culture-hungry public" but does not define just what he means by "culture". Perhaps it is a mental health-store full of tough, well-mannerized status symbols. It is certainly not the experience of joy, compassion, or comprehension, of a purging through pity and fear.

The drawings illustrate with an assumption that seems to contradict this work: that though people can be taught to appreciate "culture" they are not interesting enough to form its subject-matter. The drawings are all abstract, patterns of graph wires or witness of inkblot

Commonwealth and Empire

CURRENCY LADS AND LASSES

C. AL. H. CLARK: *A History of Australia*. Volume II: New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, 1822-1838. 361pp. Melbourne University Press. £4 4s.

This is, indeed, a strange history by a strange historian. Who else but Professor Manning Clark would have essayed to tell "of what happened in New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land in the years from the departure of Macquarie at the end of 1821 to 1838" and leave out such imposing themes as land, immigration and education? For these were the years which saw the piecemeal transformation of at least the mother colony from an ostensible agricultural settlement for convicts and ex-convicts with a small adjunct of free immigrants today. Also not all will be as we are coming to a general acceptance that Awareness is a Comprehension and on to Creation and Action.

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Australia, Port Phillip and Moreton Bay. Yet it is certainly retarding to be freed from once from the customary obsessions of colonial historians with economic history. And it is a measure both of Professor Clark's intense conviction and of his finesse that, having chosen his mission, he carries it out superbly well. In effect this mission could more precisely be defined as the evocation of the climate of opinion in the two senior colonies like attention to Van Diemen's Land is particularly welcome and of the personalities of at least some of the inhabitants. The first volume of Professor Clark's *History* described the coming of European civilization to the South Seas: this one conjures up the embryonic civilizations which began to take root there, in particular the pathetically pretentious new gentility, the burgeoning bourgeoisie, and the first generation of native-born — the "currency lads and lasses". Such a remote little community naturally still bore traces of what has been called the Botany Bay madness, but it also saw the first conscious identification with their new land celebrated in Wentworth's Anniversary Dinner in 1825:

"The land, boys, we live in!" In other words it is a kind of cultural history and should be judged as such; indeed, it is really the relegation of education (apart from passing references) to volume III which in this context is the oddest decision of all.

But this is cultural history of a peculiar kind. Though the influence of W. K. Hancock can be detected at more than one point, it is not really a history of Australian ideas or even attitudes; nor is it a comprehensive history of cultural institutions, or an attempt to paint the changing face of colonial society: Professor Clark is not much interested in appearances. It is still, above all, *mythology* history, and as sheer story-telling the second volume is even more of a *roman de force* than the first. It is not irrelevant that the author is an accomplished short story writer as well as historian. For here Professor Clark writes with a more relaxed confidence and a more universal compassion. Even his own inglorious ancestor, the Reverend Samuel Marsden (who was, rather severely dealt with earlier), is now gently brought to his deathbed in 1838 with profound understanding, and the same gen-

erosity of spirit is applied to John Macarthur, dying rich but having made after establishing his family as gentry and pioneering the wool industry. The battle of the gentle, liberal governor Bourke against the "colonial Tories" is sympathetically traced, and William Charles Wentworth, the Australian-born son of a convict mother and relative of the FitzWilliams, who is the effective hero and anti-hero of the book, is comprehended with an empathy which makes sense of his passions and ambitions. And once again the device of adopting the characteristic idiom and metaphor of the period in describing it adds acutely to the sense of historical reality.

Yet, though these methods triumph they do carry certain inherent dangers. So intense, for example, is the author's concentration on giving life to his characters at every encounter that he occasionally becomes repetitious: potted biographical backgrounds appear and re-appear almost as if he had forgotten that the introductions had already been performed. At the same time, his fascination with the dialectical conflict he sees in the hearts of men gives him a predilection for those persons in whom such a struggle can be documented and dramatically exposed: whether such people were in any sense representative is another matter.

The use of the period English has its difficulties too: it is not always clear, for instance, how far the author is committing himself to the godlike judgments implicit in much of the morally heavily laden language, and the too frequent use of particular phrases or metaphors (e.g., "my lord Balthurst" and "Ismael") sometimes brings his style unconvincingly to caricature. Yet the fact remains that the combination of an idiosyncratic orientation and an idiosyncratic

technique has produced a most distinctive and distinguished study of British colonial history. Other criticisms cannot diminish this achievement. It may be sad that even if land is postponed, the Ripon Regulations do not even figure by name in the index; it may be disappointing that the precise circumstances in which New South Wales first received a legislative are not explored. But these matters are linked to a more general criticism: that overall so little attention is given to the British background and to the incessant flow of ideas as well as individuals between London and Sydney. It sometimes seems that, having brought European civilization to Australia, the author feels that, except on special occasions, that was the end of it. True, there is a vigorous opening chapter, entitled "Darkness", on the conditions of the lower orders at home (based largely on *The Times* files), but that scarcely meets the need. No doubt there will be more about the Australian labourer in Westminister when we return to Wakefield in the next volume, but it is still a pity, since the Moleworth committee is discussed here, that mine is not made of it. The reader would hardly guess from this summary account that Moleworth was little more than the front man of the Wakefield clique.

Moreover, though the author brings together material culled from all over the world, the use made of British archives seems really to have been highly selective. In this, of course, Professor Clark is in good company — that of virtually all Australian historians. Yet most of the major decisions which determined the course of Australian history in these years were made in England by Englishmen, and intercalating programmes have not yet brought all the relevant archives within co-see of Sydney or Canberra.

SELF-RULE FOR SAMOA

W. DAVISON: *Samoa Mo Samoa*. 467pp. Oxford University Press. £4 17s. 6d.

Good government is no substitute for self-government", has been uttered by the Samoans for a relatively long time. The "Consumer Interest". A period giving a fair and balanced view of views and reasoning, the book is also very informative. The statistics of conduct with the western world seem to have been brought up to date, even if this involved estimating, but this minor defect does not detract from one of the best books on advertising that has yet appeared. Few would disagree with the editor, Alexander Wilson, in the final essay he says:

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RADICAL REACTION

BERNARD PORTER: *Critics of Empire*. 369pp. Macmillan. £3 10s.

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E. M. Forster at Ninety

E. M. Forster was ninety yesterday. He would not wish to be eulogized. Indeed it has been his steadfast refusal to be great that has made him what he is. In a time that has too often praised the superhuman while it practised the inhuman, Forster has held out for the unheroic virtues—tolerance, good temper, sympathy, personal relationships, pleasure, love. These values define his work as they have filled his life; and the work and life are alike, so filled with the personality of the man that no proper criticism will separate them. For Forster does not believe, as other influential writers of our time have believed, in the impersonality of art. Everything that is most personal he has celebrated, and in his own voice. In his novels the good characters have his own best qualities, and the wicked ones are wicked because they are in-Forsterian—they do not feel, they cannot love. And the essays say the same things, and in the same voice that speaks from the novels and stories; Forster himself exists in his books more vividly than any character he invented. The morality now seems a bit old-fashioned, the faith in right feelings belongs to another, more trusting, time. Forster thinks it worse to be unfeeling than to be sentimental, and consequently comes sometimes to the edge of senti-

mentality, but never close to callousness. (Later generations have reversed his faith, not, perhaps, to their own good.) And that quiet authorial voice, speaking up to remind us that what we are reading is a story with a moral, that, too, is a device from the past. But though the morality and the technique are old-fashioned, they are also reassuring: because we can trust Forster to commit himself on the moral issues of his intentions, we can trust him in other things.

It is not, after all, surprising that the novels should be old-fashioned: they are a young man's books that have grown old with him, and all but one belong to the Edwardian era more than fifty years ago. No other novelist has had a career quite like Forster's: not simply because it was, as far as we know, completed when he was forty-five—many important writers have died earlier—but because in those few creative years he wrote so few novels, and because those few have been carried, as it were, into the present by the long life of their author. It is difficult to imagine the state of Forster's reputation if, say, he had died when Edward VII did, or even in 1924, after his last novel was written, but we may guess that the earlier books, at least, would have retained their period costumes, and would be read now for what they are—the best novels, after Conrad's, of a remote decade.

Forster himself has described them as period pieces, out of a lost prewar world. "I had been accustomed," he said, "to write about the old-fashioned world with its homes and its family life and its comparative peace. All that went, and though I can think about the new world I cannot put it into fiction." It is perhaps partly because of their remoteness that he has been able to judge his books with such objectivity. He has placed his own work on the second level of novels, among the good but not great, and he has had his reasons: "In no book," he said, "have I got down more than the people I like, the person I think I am, and the people who irritate me. This puts me among the large body of authors who are not really novelists, and have to get on as best they can with these three categories. We have not the power of observing the variety of life and describing it dispassionately."

This judgment seems just, on the whole, but on one book it is surely too severe, and too modest: most of Forster's readers would agree that *A Passage to India* should be raised from this second level of achievement, for in that novel Forster did escape his Edwardian limitations and wrote a great book.

But Forster's place in his time cannot be

equated with the place of his novels, secure that place is. We are liable to forget that, after the First World War, he wrote more books than before it, and that the books there is the life, a long testimony to courage and integrity. In his later years Forster has been many men, and in all his roles has been a man of the past. But though the morality and the technique are old-fashioned, they are also reassuring: because we can trust Forster to commit himself on the moral issues of his intentions, we can trust him in other things.

Perhaps we should add one more role—Forster the realist, the man who has been able to accept what could not be altered, and do it with dignity. He has regretted the changes that have taken place in the world he grew up in, and he would doubt have preferred that the Edwardian Age should have lasted. But he does not pretend that it has. At the end of the Edwardian calm cost him his creative imagination, and he has not disguised his regret that he has accepted both the cost and the reward. Because they were true. He was saddened by passing of the rural heritage of his childhood, and he has accepted the spreading rust of modern cities: like the character in *Twelve Men*, he knows that "much of the earth must be dug for the commercial, and that to revolt against the ridiculous." When he considered the prospect of the world in the post-atomic world, he judged the odds were against him; but it has not occurred to him to look for consolation in a future state, seems to other none. He prefers to live in the present, however disheartening that present

"A work of love and gratitude" to E. M. Forster's ninetieth birthday was published yesterday by Edward Arnold. Edited by G. S. Satchell, *Aspects of E. M. Forster* (£2.25), an interesting symposium of essays and reminiscences by Benjamin Britten, E. M. Forster and Music, by Benjamin Britten, and "Broadcasting," by Plomer. Forster as a friend, by Elizabeth B. Macdonald, by W. A. D. Spratt and others.

It is so natural and like thinking about this, the Princess Royal of Prussia wrote of her correspondence with Queen Victoria. No better description could be given of the letters, which for more than forty years flowed in a steady state between this remarkable woman and the two writers, the Queen was the Englishwoman he declares his membership of the English; as a Man of Letters he was an extremely encouraging younger writer and tolerated curiosity of his admirers. He is a disarming, old-fashioned literary critic, a terminology: his *types of the Novel* is attacked by academic critics, but his notion of plot are a part of the way those so-called critics talk about fiction. In all his roles he is kind, generous, modest; if he has not been the embodiment of the liberal imagination, he is still the hero of the liberal heart.

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Denise Munro covers the period from 1861 to 1864. In a noble phrase Mr. Fulford describes this correspondence as "dominated by the majesty of death." Grief for the Prince Consort, the father of one of the writers, and the husband of the other, is the first and for man in the post-atomic world, he judged the odds were against him; but it has not occurred to him to look for consolation in a future state, seems to other none. He prefers to live in the present, however disheartening that present

If the Queen's display of mourning still appears excessive, it should be remembered that she had very special cause for woe over and above her intense sorrow for the loss of her husband. Her situation was grievous even beyond the common lot of widows; as she herself wrote, "A woman in my position and of my nature cannot stand alone." In the nineteenth century, says Mr. Fulford, "the great majority of women depended on their husbands as an automaton on their clockwork." Queen Victoria was no exception; though determined, not to say obstinate, by nature, she was paradoxically enough she was also clinging and dependent. She had looked to her husband to be both private secretary and mentor: he had read and arranged all her official papers, explained their contents to her, advised her on every issue. In log and an intimate affection for the nursery and the schoolroom the follies of ordinary people. She has been a refreshing and delightful faith in the present and a deeper and heartier faith in the hereafter.

"I enjoyed *Set to Partners* enormously. It is a son-filled book. Mrs. Vaughan Williams writes with an exquisite style, she has warmth and insight, understanding and an intimate affection for the nursery and the schoolroom the follies of ordinary people. She has been a refreshing and delightful faith in the present and a deeper and heartier faith in the hereafter.

Being curiously shy, the Queen found her public appearances and social duties particularly trying: "Oh I how dread these visits are now," she wrote Queen Victoria was the one of the Prince Consort's children who must resemble him both in character and in intellect—"my own dear child," the Queen called him, "so worthy of him, so like him in mind"—and for that reason she was the person best able to understand and share to the Queen's sorrow, appreciating as fully as she did the value of what they

It may seem strange that in mother, in particular, a—the Victorian

Victoria alone

ROGER FULFORD (Editor): *Dearest Mama. Letters between Queen Victoria and the Crown Princess of Prussia, 1861-1864.* 372pp. Evans. £3.3s.



Prince Alfred, March 1863
(Reproduced from Dearest Mama)

had no one else to whom she could unburden herself. The Prince Consort's death had left her on a very lonely eminence. Royally are almost inevitably cut off from intimate contacts outside their own royal circle; for Queen Victoria that circle was almost non-existent. Her mother had died nine months before the Prince Consort's death. Brothers or sisters of her own she had none; her half-sister "Feo", Princess of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, was her elder by twelve years. In England, apart from her own unmarried children, her only near relations were the Cambridge cousins, whom she found uncongenial. Several of these letters are concerned with the business of finding a husband for the pleasing but plump Princess Mary Adelaide of Cambridge, "poor Mary", whose stoutness made her something of a drug on the matrimonial market. In spite of the enormous ramifications of the Saxe-Coburg-Gotha family, the Prince Consort had also been curiously devoid of near relations. Ernst, Duke of Saxe-Coburg, was hardly a brother-in-law in whom the Queen would wish to confide: in fact, apart from the Crown Princess, of all her family the only person to whom the Queen could write intimately was her uncle, Leopold, King of the Belgians, already in 1861 a sick and aging man.

The Crown Princess was only twenty-one at the time of her father's death, but in your youth she was an ideal confidante for the Queen. This daughter was the one of the Prince Consort's children who must resemble him both in character and in intellect—"my own dear child," the Queen called him, "so worthy of him, so like him in mind"—and for that reason she was the person best able to understand and share to the Queen's sorrow, appreciating as fully as she did the value of what they

Fulford writes, "she was anguished by her father's loss". Yet she never puts herself forward, never, in the pain of her own loss, forgets the primacy of her mother's grief.

To the Queen, on the contrary, other people's sorrows appeared infinitesimal in comparison with her own. This selfish absorption in woe is particularly apparent in her description of the wedding of her second daughter, Princess Alice:

Poor Alice's wedding (more like a funeral than a wedding) is over and she is a wife. I say God bless her, though a dagger is plunged in my own bleeding desolate heart when I hear from her this morning that she is "proud and happy to be Louis' wife!" I feel what I had, what I had hoped to have for at least twenty years more, and what I can only have in another world again.

An affectionate mother could surely be expected to think less of her own bleeding desolate heart and more of the feelings of the bride whose wedding day was so overshadowed. (Overshadowed) was, without a doubt, the officiating Archbishop had tears running down his cheeks, while the bride's brother Prince Alfred, "sobbed all through and afterwards—dreadfully." Towards her eldest daughter too the Queen often failed in sympathy. The Crown Princess had been advised by her doctors to wait at least two years before having a fourth child. Very naturally the Queen was upset to learn, eighteen months after the birth of Prince Henry, that the Princess was once again pregnant; nevertheless, her reaction to this news need not have been the supremely egotistic remark, "I little needed this additional anxiety in my present sorrow and worry."

Delighted as the Crown Princess was at the prospect of another baby, she cannot have been exactly cheered by reading in her mother's letter that "the anxiety and troubles—let to

awaits you". To this gloomy comment the Queen added the ominously prophetic remark, "ours especially are far more sorrow than joy". Some of the most touching passages in these letters are concerned with the Crown Princess's anxiety for her eldest son, afterwards Kaiser Wilhelm II. The boy had much to contend against, not merely was he born with a withered arm, but as a child he also suffered from some form of paralysis of the neck muscles. One of the worst trials his mother had to bear was the obstinate refusal of the German doctors to try any of the remedies she herself believed in and their determination to persevere with methods, she considered unwise or positively harmful. In vain did she urge sea-bathing or electrical treatment; they persisted instead in the use of a formidable "machine", tormenting the little boy so much that, not unnaturally, he became "cross and difficult to manage". Yet, when every possible allowance has been made for "Willie", it must be admitted that he was an odious child. According to Lady Longford, at the Prince of Wales's wedding, when standing next to his youthful uncle, Prince Leopold and Prince Arthur, who were wearing the kilt, "he sank his baby teeth into their bare knees". On the way home to Germany he behaved equally badly: the Crown Princess tells Queen Victoria that he had addressed their fellow-traveller, Princess Frederick of the Netherlands, as "ugly monkey".

Queen Victoria's difficulties with her own sons centred on the Prince of Wales, Prince Alfred, or "Affie", had an unfair advantage over his brother; his remarkable resemblance to the Prince Consort, not apparent in the curious photograph reproduced among the illustrations (and on this page), allowed him to get away with anything and everything. "Oh, the bitter anguish that followed Affie's conduct is far worse than Bertrams", the Queen exclaimed elliptically in the first shock of discovering that, like his brother, Prince Alfred had had an affair with a woman, but only a month later she wrote of him as being "such an amiable companion". Obviously she could not resist the appeal of "his wonderful likeness to adored Papa", which she described as being "very comforting and soothing to me".

The Queen's reaction to the Prince of Wales was very different; she refers to his presence near her as "a constant contact which is more than ever unendurable to me". The Princess Royal, on the contrary, showed deep sympathy and affection towards her eldest brother. She was the prime mover in the scheme to arrange a marriage between him and Princess Alexandra of Denmark. This Danish beauty was the very last person Prussian princess might be expected to select as a bride for the Prince of Wales, since Prussia and Denmark were at daggers drawn over the question of Schleswig-Holstein. The Crown Princess, however, was warm-hearted enough to put her brother's happiness above any political considerations, and wise enough to see that his happiness could best be secured by marriage with Princess Alexandra. It is fascinating to watch the beauty, charm and genuine goodness of this sixteen-year-old girl first conquering all the doubts and objections of the Crown Princess and her Prussian husband, then subjugating Queen Victoria herself, who in the matter of Schleswig-Holstein was nearly as pro-German as her daughter.

"The Schleswig-Holstein question was, in its essentials, not especially complex or difficult except to those who wish to avoid unravelling them." This does Mr. Fulford dismiss Palmerston's famous remark that only three people had ever been able to understand its intricacies: the Prince Consort, who was dead, a German professor who was mad, and Palmerston himself, who had forgot all about it. In his own lucid but slightly superficial summary of the problem, Mr. Fulford omits the important point that because a document signed as long ago as 1481 had declared that Schleswig and Holstein were to remain "forever undivided", for nearly four centuries the two Duchies had been regarded as partners in an indivisible union whom no man might put asunder. Naturally enough the Princess Royal was a strong supporter of the

Irish Peasant Society

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"to the mercurious and perceptive descriptions of her scenes, in her words so convincing portrayal of personality as she spies a tale gentle as a breeze of real as a rock. It combines the best of a Victorian sampler with the immediacy of the television news. It is a book of rare delight and limitless appeal." —Illustrated London News

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WM. McGRATH

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NOT IN FRONT OF THE LADIES

Sir, I hesitate to carp, however slightly, at Mr. A. P. Ryan's amusing article about London Clubs (December 20), especially in view of his very kind reference to myself. But I do not think it is quite made clear that, in contrast with the other works from which quotes *The Oxford* a new book, published by Bodley at £2.2s.

D. M. FORREST
Church Gate Cottage, Flegging, Uckfield, Sussex.

manuscripts by Welshmen who write in English is now mainly the responsibility of the Welsh Arts Council. During its inaugural year, the Council's Literature Department has established its own Collection of Manuscripts by Anglo-Welsh Writers which includes items by Dylan Thomas, Vernon Watkins, Idris Davies, Alan Lewis and Rhys Davies. The collection is housed at the National Library but remains the property of the Welsh Arts Council.

The National Library of Wales and the Welsh Arts Council have therefore divided the responsibility for the collection of Welsh and Anglo-Welsh manuscripts respectively. Our motive particularly with those by Anglo-Welsh writers since, fortunately, there is no market for Welsh material outside the Celtic countries is precisely that of Mr. Philip Larkin and his gallant committee: we believe that the manuscripts of our creative writers, whether in Welsh or English, should be preserved in the institutions of our own country.

MEIC STEPHENS,
Welsh Arts Council, Museum Place, Cardiff.

LEROI JONES

Sir,—You have published a letter from Joseph T. Shipley (December 12)

With this issue, as readers will have noticed, we are introducing certain typographical changes, with the object of making our layout more flexible and attractive. Advertising disappears from the front page. Our masthead has been redesigned and now makes "official" acknowledgment of our short-hand title, *TLS*. There will be rather more pictures than we have used in the past and a variorum column measure will be employed for main features. This week's issue embodies the first stages in an extensive redesigning of the journal. Since it is thirty years since we last enjoyed a transformation of this kind, we are confident that the innovations will bring the *TLS* in touch with a still wider public. The essential character of the journal will not, of course, be altered.

MANUSCRIPTS MARKET

Sir,—I would be grateful if you allowed me to point out to your readers and to the writer of Commentary (December 26) that the National Library of Wales has been collecting the manuscripts of Welsh writers since the establishment of its Manuscripts Department in 1907. Indeed, the National Library has a magnificent collection in which the fifteen centuries of our country's literature, including the present, are well represented. They should also be informed that, while the National Library of Wales has acquired the papers of several eminent Anglo-Welsh writers, the collection

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heart and sympathies are all German. It displayed unexpected impartiality. In a letter dated January 27, 1864, just before the outbreak of war between Prussia and Denmark, she gives a remarkably wise and fair summary of the situation as it concerned England:

I condemn the treaty of 1852 completely, but once signed, we cannot upset it without first trying (and by war) to maintain it. Where I do blame Germany is in their wanting the two great Powers to break their engagements, and in not being content with all the rights of the Duchies being obtained. They have moved to the two questions, and gone so violently upon the subject that they lose sight of the far greater evils which may be produced by provoking war. And depend upon it, that the want of forbearance towards the King of Denmark now that he means to do all he can, at the risk almost of his crown, will have a very bad effect in Europe and injure the just cause of Germany.

Leaving aside their feelings on the Schleswig-Holstein issue, it is curious to find the Crown Princess of Prussia so passionately pro-English in her sympathies, the Queen of England as passionately pro-German. "Pray, dearest," Queen Victoria writes to her daughter, "when you write to Bertie and Alice don't write with frantic adoration of the Navy and all English feelings - for our sole object is to smooth that down and to Germanize them!" But although the Crown Princess was an enthusiastic anglophile, to judge from these letters she took little or no interest in English domestic politics. There are countless references in the internal situation in Germany: not a single one either by the Queen or the Princess to English political affairs. Admittedly the years from 1861 to 1864 were not exciting ones in English politics; nevertheless the omission is an odd one.

Almost the only current event of any sort in England to be mentioned in the controversy over Dr. Colenso's views on Old Testament criticism, being deeply religious women, the



A contemporary drawing of the funeral of the Prince Consort
(Reproduced from Dearest Mama)

Queen and the Princess were naturally interested in such matters. Although they both supported Colenso against the conservative elements in the Church, the Princess was in fact far more "advanced" in her religious views than was her mother. A passage from a letter dated April 11, 1863, suggests that, had she lived nowadays, she would have been a disciple of the Bishop of Woolwich: "Steam and electricity have put a new

face on the world and we have left our Church as it were in uncivilized times of cruelty and ignorance. We have let in the light of truth on all else; our pure religion, the first of all working principles, we have been subverted to leave surrounded with institutions which were good in their time, but which now are not in accordance with the state of civilization."

The editing of private letters, especially the private letters of royalty, presents many and peculiar problems.

Mr. Fulford quotes an article in the *TLS* which pointed out "the unsuitability of treating family letters with the full paraphernalia of scholarship." The difficulty is to decide how far it is permissible to alter, to omit, to simplify in order to make a readable book. Most editors of Queen Victoria's letters have retained at least a little of her capricious underlining. Mr. Fulford has decided to omit it

for two reasons—first, "there is nothing singular or peculiar to the Queen about it", and secondly, "the constant sprinkling of italics could become an irritant to the reader." Granted that other royal letter-writers, Queen Alexandra in particular, were equally addicted to underlining, and that italics can and do distract the reader's eye, the fact remains that the Queen's letters look oddly unfamiliar when presented in their original form. Mr. Fulford argues that underlining is unnecessary because "in the Queen's case indicated vehemence rather than emphasis": surely it is just this vehemence which is so peculiarly characteristic of her thought and style.

No other criticism can be made of the way in which Mr. Fulford has edited these important and interesting letters. He writes:

For the most part an editor must be content to fight his own battles; he must decide whether when the Queen writes "Asia", she means the Queen of Persia, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, or Lady Augusta Stanley; must search diligently for the Duchess Kent's mausoleum; he must use the true meaning of the Crown Princess's terrible partiality for nicknames.

Mr. Fulford is the safest pilot through these uncharted waters. A lucid and judicious glossary dispels the problem of nicknames; enables him to keep footnotes to an absolute minimum. Only once or twice is the reader left slightly at sea, as, for instance, when Queen asks for photographs of "the late King of Denmark and Count Danner", a lady unfamiliar to English readers. Why Queen Victoria should wish to possess a photograph of the disreputable King Frederick VII with the morganatic wife, had been his mistress, is a little hard on his finite capacity. *Dearest Mama* is a sequel to *Dearest Child*, a selection of letters from the same correspondence which appeared in 1964. May we expect a third volume?

Greece and Turkey

DUST IN THE AIR

MICHAEL PEREIRA: *Istanbul: Aspects of a City*. 300pp. Geoffrey Bles. £2 10s.

Mr. Pereira seeks to describe Istanbul, past and present. He has enjoyed the life of the city and his descriptions of the Bazaar, the beerhouses of Pasa, and the children or policemen are authentic. Surprisingly, he has little to say about the shanty towns which form a large and very human part of the city and he rarely seems to have found himself wet and muddy. But he does go under Galata bridge instead of just walking over it. He uses the walls as a recurrent theme to unite his chapters, which are made up of sections but in no order and without itineraries. The complexity of his subject is too much for him and the result is a restless book with the ingredients of a routine travel book: a little history, a little anecdote and a little description. There is a great need for a work of scholarship taking the city district by district and considering the varied monuments seriously. There is also need for a light-hearted volume which collects legends, tales, sects and street names into one exuberant comedy. There may also be room for a new history. But books which attempt to be all these things are inevitably sketchy and their judgments arbitrary.

Mr. Pereira is a gifted cave-digger, even if some anecdotes are a little overlong. He also speaks of good proportions without defining what he means so that the book becomes a catalogue of his opinion. The familiar history is potted more deeply than in some recent works. But the old tale, creak a little when extracted from their pigeon-holes. Sina's hookah leaves the nique of Süleyman for Topkapı, for example. The persistent misspelling of Tekfir is irritating and, although writing for strangers in Turkey, he does not relate Nicea in Izik.

His approach to tiles is personal and his observations are not trustworthy. He is inaccurate in his description of the panels of the Baghdad Kiosk. Misled by an unexpected slip in Mamboury, he mentions tiles in the mosque of Sokulu at Akapı which do not exist but ignores the superb collection of his favourite period at the Eski Valide above Üsküdar and also the two remarkable panels at the mosque of İzzet Efendi. He visited both these monuments. He says that he could not get into the tomb of Mahmut Paşa and so could not see

well he revealing. In a sense, this criticism is the point. Professor Connell's particular chapter explains a *balloon d'essai*. Measured by the divergent pages of C. Arenberg and S. T. Kim, *Family and Community in Ireland* (reprinted in 1968) Father Humphrey's *New Dublin* (1966), where Irish nationalism is dated to a footnote, this book can be put to the test among the great. Not the least contribution of the Connell is to call a peasant, and mean no harm by it. In contrast, Arenberg and Kim mention peasants only in their text. Their text full of references to "farmers" who often were labouring under a yoke. Professor Connell's peasant makes possible a full comparison of the Irish peasant with other peasants. For this much else, *Irish Peasant Society* deserves a warm welcome.

There is much to praise and admire in this chapter. Professor Connell uses literary sources to great effect and tells some marvellous stories about parish priests beating the bushes. But in contrast with his treatment of illicit distillation, his thesis about Maynooth and the peasant seems very much open to question. There is not the same careful distinction over time and place. The assumption seems to be that Maynooth remained unchanged throughout the nineteenth century and that there was no variation in clerical outlook from place to place. Second thoughts are also induced by an earlier work of Professor Connell, *The Peasantry of Ireland* (1966).

An annotated and illustrated edition of Théophile Gautier's *Enfances* has been published by Minard (73, rue du Cardinal Lemoine, Paris 5e. 227pp. 48frs). The first volume in a new series of "Interférences" arts et lettres. The illustrations are mostly of woodcut and are a scholarly and sensitive commentary on the text, not an arbitrary extension of it. The book has been chosen for the series in some very full notes on the book by Madeleine Cottin, who has also been dealt with in a small source:

the ceramics. They are mosaics of the Bursa type and cover the outside walls.

He is misleading about the vaults under the tower of Isaac Angelus which can be seen by daylight although their approach is dark, and he is confused about the two Bedesten in the Covered Bazaar and also that of Mehmet II at Galata. The Belediye has a large, efficient, and very helpful map service, contrary to Mr. Pereira's opinion: his own maps are inexorably poor.

Many details are incorrect. Davut Aga had been dead ten years in 1509 and Hayrettin was not the architect of Bayazıt but Yakup Sah ibn Sultan Sah. The sarcophagus of the Empress Irene was removed from the kitchen of a house opposite the Patriarchate to Hagia Sophia some years ago. This list could continue. It is partly the result of an unselective bibliography. Sources which are tainted like *Indochina* are listed while essential books like Elysee or Gyllius are not. His passage on the Chora is odd enough for one to suppose that he is unaware of the reports in the *Dumbarion Oaks Papers* or Underwood's book. These strictures may seem severe, and the book contains many facts, but the author has pretensions to scholarship.

His judgments are personal: otherwise his poverty-stricken passage on Hagia Sophia, the greatest monument in the city, would be risible. The pity is that he treats them seriously. But when all these criticisms are made, *Istanbul* is an introduction to a city which can be conquered only by an author who has patiently laid siege to it for many laborious years. If Mr. Pereira's selection of monuments is arbitrary it is also representative, and some of his views are original. It is pleasant to encounter someone who admits a liking for unfashionable Ottoman Baroque and has sympathy for Nurismanlye. Some of the numerous photographs are very good indeed, especially those of street life. This is appropriate, for here, together with an agreeable personality which he has impressed on his book, lies Mr. Pereira's strength.

The casual traveller new to Istanbul, who does not know when to remove his shoes when entering a mosque, will find this book easy and cheerful to read. He will be undisturbed by profound thoughts but he will smell the dust in the air.

BYZANTINE DICTIONARY

KLAUS WESSEL (Editor): *Reallexikon zur Byzantinischen Kunst*. Part IX: 159pp. Part X: pp.162-319. Stuttgart: Hiersemann. DM30 each.

Some two years have passed since the appearance of Part eight of the *Reallexikon* (reviewed in the *TLS* on August 3, 1967); it marked the completion of the first volume. It was originally proposed to complete the series in four volumes, each of eight parts, three to four parts being issued each year. The appearance of mention peasants only in their text. Their text full of references to "farmers" who often were labouring under a yoke. Professor Connell's peasant makes possible a full comparison of the Irish peasant with other peasants. For this much else, *Irish Peasant Society* deserves a warm welcome.

Part nine contains eleven entries. Two of them geographical (*Idion* and *Bagawat*), two dealing with iconography (*Durchsicht der Rote* and *Eintrag in Jerusalem*), two primarily technical (*Eniell* and *Enik*), two dealing with persons or personifications (*Ellas* and *Ekklesia*), one with architecture (*Empore*), and one with an abstract theme (*Ephraim*), the final entry, *Enkolpion*, is continued in Part ten. The note on *Idion* is especially useful as it summarizes a number of very inaccessible publications, most of them in Armenian or Russian; that on *Bagawat* also provides a convenient summary, though the basic publication is more readily available. The two iconographical entries are mainly concerned with the early history of the themes, which are really too wide to be dealt with in a small source:

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After the creation of the Kingdom of Greece in 1832 the "Great Greek island" of Crete, together with the majority of the Aegean islands and the northern part of the mainland, remained under the Ottoman Empire. For the next twenty years it enjoyed considerable prosperity under the rule of Mustafa Pasha. There was a brief uprising in 1856, but Ismail Pasha, who became Governor General in 1861, did much to recreate the "golden age" of 1832 to 1852; even the patriotic Cretan editors of this volume do not call him oppressive but only double-faced. The violence and the partial success of the revolt is therefore another example of what appears to be an historical rule: that revolts and revolutions are less likely to break out in times of the greatest repression but rather when things are going better. The fact is that in good times or bad the Cretans never gave up their aspiration of *civitas*, union with Greece.

Nearly 80 per cent of the popula-

THE GREEK NATION

JOHN CAMPBELL and PHILIP SHERRARD: *Modern Greece*. 420pp. Benn. £2 15s.

Mr. Campbell and Mr. Sherrard make a powerful combination, having acquired between them a wide scholarship and experience in the historical, social, religious and economic factors that have gone to the making of Greek society. Against this background, the narrative of political events, since independence comes relatively easily and can even be seen to be almost of secondary importance. The most interesting chapters of the book are therefore not those which record the surface of events during the past century and a half, since this can be found elsewhere, but the interspersed chapters which analyse certain persistent elements in the Greek character and its material environment. It is from these chapters that the book derives its special value, and their exceptional merit is clearly due equally to both authors.

The first chapter sets out to define the idea of the Greek nation. In this idea, as formulated at the beginning of the nineteenth century, there were many strands, some of them inconsistent. There was the Orthodox Church, whose Patriarch was actually known as the "leader of the nation"; there were the influential Greeks who had achieved prominence and wealth under Turkish rule, whether at Constantinople, in the Peloponnese or the islands; there were the expatriate Greeks in the West, in Russia, or in Venice and its colonies; and there was the humanist tradition of the "golden age", which had passed to the West by way of the Italian Renaissance in a Latinized form. When these various elements began to coalesce there was much conflict between them, for their aspirations were quite different. Westernized Greeks and European philhellenes alike were trying to conjure into existence a nation

of Hellenes, which simply could not exist. It was the genius of Byron and Lettice that he said in fairness, the wisdom of Capodistrias which recognized in the common people the true foundation of a new nation. As the authors say, "ideas about nationality were not, of course, the constructs of the simple peasants and shepherds", but it was their efforts over ten years which made independence possible. Their most eloquent spokesman, Makriyannis, is rightly used as a primary source for the values and attitudes of the people whose endurance and sense of honour, with all its faults, finally made possible the emergence of a Greek nation.

There follow four chapters competently describing the history of Greece from the last generation of Ottoman rule to the end of the communist rebellion in 1949. The authors then revert from chronology to specialist analysis, in two excellent chapters on the Church and the evolution of literature. The importance of the Church in Greek history has often been emphasized but never so clearly expounded, culminating in the startling but closely reasoned paradox that "it is not an accident that the first communist country was also an Orthodox country". Similarly there is a close connexion between literary movements and political history in Greece, in which the linguistic controversy plays an inextricable part. But apart from showing the relevance of these two chapters to the main theme of the book, these connexions should not be overstressed.

The authors then return to straightforward history, with an account of political events from the end of the civil war to the establishment of the latest military dictatorship. At this point it may be suggested as a criticism of the authors' technique that they are not always as helpful as they might be to the inexperienced reader. Greek names are long and confusing

and not easy to retain. It is convenient if they are not unnecessarily multiplied and if those that play an essential part are given a clear characterization in the reader's mind from the first moment when they are introduced (or should be introduced). An accurate index is also desirable, and in this respect the authors have served themselves ill. No less than five members of the Makriyannis family, spread over four distinct generations, appear in the book; but only three of them appear in the index. The important figure of Elias Tsirimokos, first appears, according to the index, in Papanastasiou's government of 1964. In fact he first appears in the book three years and eight pages earlier; and he ought to appear much earlier still, since he was one of those "moderate non-communists within E.A.M." who were "defeated in their attempts to find a compromise" in December, 1944. It would be legitimate to regard all these intricate personalities as tiresome distractions, but in that case one should not attempt this kind of political history at all.

The authors are back on safer ground in their last three chapters, which deal with economic dilemmas, the Greek countryside, and the City and the State. Each of these is ably done, and the central one on the life of the provinces and mountain villages is a masterpiece of sympathetic analysis. Taken together, these three chapters present a disquieting picture of an unstable and potentially ruinous situation for which it is difficult to see any practicable cure. It is not altogether surprising that a considerable proportion of the Greeks should have accepted the government of the Colonels with an almost fatalistic apathy, but it would be very surprising indeed if the Colonels were able to cure the situation described in the last hundred pages of the book. Mr. Campbell and Mr. Sherrard have produced a very impressive work of scholarship, which philhellenes may also find very depressing.

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History

PURITANISM AND POTEEN

K. H. CONNELL: *Irish Peasant Society*. 167pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. 35s.

Irish Peasant Society introduces a new dimension into the study of Irish social history. Where other historians have dwelt on the rights and wrongs of Anglo-Irish relations, Professor Kenneth Connell adopts a completely different tack and heads for the central problems of Irish society in the late nineteenth century—an overabundance of religion and drink, and a scarcity of sexual endeavour. The result is a highly original discussion of what may be termed the psychopathology of a peasant society. In its strident tone, his work makes a refreshing change from the blarney of recent books, and non-books, about 1916 and all that. It is a welcome addition to Irish historical scholarship.

Irish historians have come late in the day to drink, religion and sex. Novelists have been much more adventurous, and readers of *Ulysses* will not need to be reminded of the crucial role which these themes play in Joyce's view of Irish life. The Ulster novelist Brian Moore, in *The Lonely Man*, looked at drink and religion in the life of an Irish spinster. More recently John McGahern, in his book *The Dark*, took up the Joycean theme of masturbation. *The Ginger Man* went enthusiastically into all these topics. What Professor Connell has done is to enlarge the accepted spectrum of what constitutes Irish history to deal with subjects which have been taboo. The sober pages of *Irish Historical Studies* may well benefit from this. In due course, Professor Connell may deal with such topics as violence, exemplified in the Irish addition to corporal punishment (Joyce again!) and the aggressive Irish sense of humour.

Professor Connell begins with a study of illicit distillation before the Famine. Here his concern is to place "poteen" in a social context, and he shows with extraordinary clarity how illicit distillation was a means by which a hard-pressed peasantry

(and potable) form. Poteen-making was not a romantic affair carried on by moonlight but an economic necessity by which the peasant made ends meet in specific areas of the country—the western seaboard. Its decline after the Famine was related to the increased activity of the Royal Irish Constabulary, but also to a growth of prosperity among those who survived the rigours of the 1840s.

Another essay deals with the spread of ether-drinking in western Ulster, specifically Londonderry and Fermanagh, from the 1850s. Ether was not very palatable, but it offered a cheap alternative to alcohol and the added attraction of providing instantaneous drunkenness with no hang-over to follow. The drinking of ether was confined to a relatively small area, based on the seven towns of Draperstown, Maghera, Magherafelt, Cookstown, Pomeroy, Omagh and Dungannon. These were small towns, they were also towns with a Catholic majority. Indeed, Professor Connell suggests that ether-drinking was confined to Catholic small farmers or peasants. "Smell a man's breath and tell his religion" was a contemporary catchword. This line of analysis might well have been pushed further. It seems not unlikely that groups of Catholic peasantry in this area, who were hard hit economically in the aftermath of urbanization, sought emotional compensation in ether-drinking.

The longest chapter, and the most provocative, deals with Catholicism and marriage in the period after the Famine. The argument here is that religion reinforced the economic factors which were largely responsible for a situation in which the Irish peasant married much later than any of his European counterparts, though before the Famine he had married much earlier. Before the Famine, the sub-division of holdings and cultivation of the potato made early marriage possible. One peasant told a Royal Commission:

get potatoes enough to put into my children's mouths I would be as happy and content as any man.

After the Famine, consolidation of holdings became the aim of the peasant. This meant that the six children of a typical family were faced with the choice of emigration, or of hanging on at home in the hope that the holding would be left to them. Either way the father was left the dominant figure. As Years might have said, that was a country for old men with the young kept out of one another's names.

Professor Connell's main point is that the teaching of the clergy provided a supernatural sanction for late marriage and that without it the stress involved would have proved unacceptable. The rigid training at Maynooth in a Jesuit tradition disposed the clergy to regard virginity as superior to marriage. This outlook chimed in with the post-Famine outlook on the consolidation of holdings, and the undesirability of early marriage. The circle was completed by the fact that many, perhaps most, Maynooth students were the favourite sons of their family and hence more than willing to accept their parents' wishes. The puritanism of Maynooth reinforced the paternalism of the peasantry.

There is much to praise and admire in this chapter. Professor Connell uses literary sources to great effect and tells some marvellous stories about parish priests beating the bushes. But in contrast with his treatment of illicit distillation, his thesis about Maynooth and the peasant seems very much open to question. There is not the same careful distinction over time and place. The assumption seems to be that Maynooth remained unchanged throughout the nineteenth century and that there was no variation in clerical outlook from place to place. Second thoughts are also induced by an earlier work of Professor Connell, *The Peasantry of Ireland* (1966).

cial reasons. The implication was that the priest did not regard peasant attitudes, but was a clerical squire. The question naturally arises why the role of Maynooth-trained clergy should be different before and after the Famine. Perhaps Professor Connell does not allow enough for the psychological impact of the Famine. A student's sermon as distinct from novels well he revealing.

In a sense, this criticism is the point. Professor Connell's particular chapter explains a *balloon d'essai*. Measured by the divergent pages of C. Arenberg and S. T. Kim, *Family and Community in Ireland* (reprinted in 1968) Father Humphrey's *New Dublin* (1966), where Irish nationalism is dated to a footnote, this book can be put to the test among the great. Not the least contribution of the Connell is to call a peasant, and mean no harm by it. In contrast, Arenberg and Kim mention peasants only in their text. Their text full of references to "farmers" who often were labouring under a yoke. Professor Connell's peasant makes possible a full comparison of the Irish peasant with other peasants. For this much else, *Irish Peasant Society* deserves a warm welcome.

An annotated and illustrated edition of Théophile Gautier's *Enfances* has been published by Minard (73, rue du Cardinal Lemoine, Paris 5e. 227pp. 48frs). The first volume in a new series of "Interférences" arts et lettres. The illustrations are mostly of woodcut and are a scholarly and sensitive commentary on the text, not an arbitrary extension of it. The book has been chosen for the series in some very full notes on the book by Madeleine Cottin, who has also been dealt with in a small source:

WHERE DID RUSKIN SLEEP?

By Mary Lutyens

of drawings for *The Rivers of France* in which ink and body colour were used on blue paper (since faded to grey). Mr. Herrmann recalls the story of Turner's offering his admirer the whole series, "in a bundle in a dirty piece of brown paper under his arm" for twenty-five guineas apiece. Ruskin's father thought he was "mad to want them", presumably because their cost appeared excessive to his prudent mind. In 1838 Ruskin paid 1,000 guineas for seventeen of them.

In all, the collections at Oxford span fifty years of the great artist's working life. One of the masterpieces of his early topographical watercolours is the beautiful view of Christ Church from the meadows, used for the Almanack of 1799. The poem "Scene on the Loire", c. 1826-30. In the Ruskin School Collection it is in its own fashion, as Ruskin termed it, "unsurpassable". The final freedom of his style in the 1840s, his remarkable illustration in "Evening Clouds" from *Modern Painters*

From a Special Correspondent

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